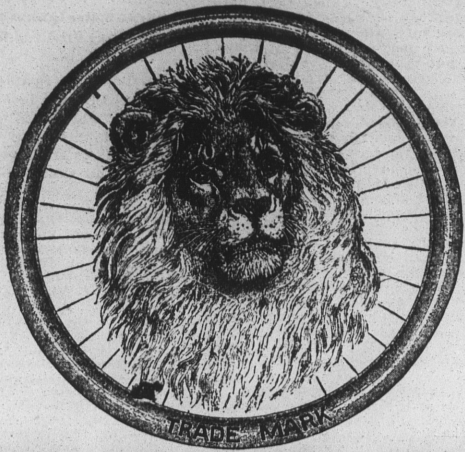


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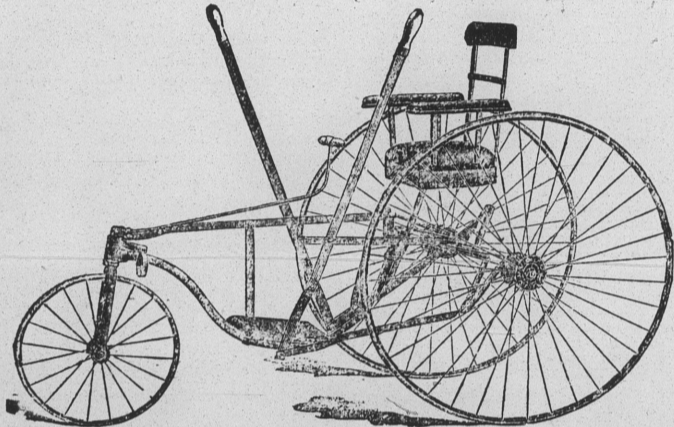
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Historical Land Marks of Garrett County, Md.

BY MARY C. DORSEY.

The following article was read by its author, at a teachers' institute, held recently at New Germany, Garrett county, Md. It is ably written and will be read with much interest, not only in the editor's old native county (Garrett) but by the people residing in the southern part of Somerset county as well. With compliments to Miss Dorsey we therefore take the liberty to give the readers of THE STAR the benefit of her highly entertaining production:

"Often when history becomes a drag on a teacher and pupil it would be a relief to both if the teacher would take his class on an imaginary trip over the old National Pike, noting on the way the historical landmarks.

The Pike itself is the most interesting. Braddock's road runs parallel to the Pike, often crossing it. It is called Braddock's road from the fact that Braddock took this route on his unfortunate expedition against Fort Duquesne, although the road had been open to travel prior to this.

Some fifty years later, when political upheavals had changed the government of not only this country but also her close friend and ally, France, the people, no longer the colonists, were enjoying the blessings of liberty and representative government, a bill was introduced in Congress asking for an appropriation to open or improve the road from Cumberland to the Ohio river. Later Henry Clay interested himself in the road and succeeded in getting other appropriations. It is owing no doubt to this illustrious man that the road became the famous thoroughfare it was fifty years ago.

Our trip will be from the Pennsylvania line to Frostburg. Leaving Mills creek we soon came in view of Negro mountain, which far to the north and south looms up like an immense wall against the horizon. The naming of the mountain is quite interesting. One of the class relates it. Her father told her, and his father remembered the incident quite well:

In the Spring of 1755 a party of hunters left Fort Cumberland to go to the mountains on a hunting expedition, intending to remain until late autumn, but late in the summer they heard a rumor of the defeat of Braddock, and noticing that the Indians were acting in a suspicious manner, they hastily prepared to return to Cumberland. Their fears were well grounded, for they were fired upon several times from behind trees and rocks; more than once they caught a glimpse of the hideous faces of the Indians, made more so by the war paint and feathers, from behind clumps of bushes. They kept close together, however, and pressed rapidly on. As they neared the top of the mountain it became apparent that their negro servant could travel no farther; he had been complaining for several days and their mode of traveling had aggravated his sickness. After a hasty consultation they decided to leave the darky. They made him a bed composed of dried bark and leaves; laying him on it they bade him keep quiet and promised to return for him—a promise, needless to say, they had no intention of keeping. They went on their way with the prayers and entreaties of the poor fellow ringing in their ears, but to stay meant death to the entire party. They reached Cumberland that night; but were refused admittance to the fort, as the news of Braddock's defeat had reached the fort and they took every precaution against surprise or treachery. The hunters camped that night outside the fort. The negro died on the mountain and thus the name, Negro mountain.

The next place of interest we find is Little Crossing, where Washington camped when on his mission to the French commander the year before Braddock's expedition. There is a beautiful stone bridge built over the Little Crossing river, a silent criticism on our superfluous buildings of to-day. What a pity our citizens did not appreciate their possessions more, for on coming closer we find the hands of vandals have been at work. The entire parapet has disappeared and in its place we find an unsightly wire fence.

Proceeding up the sloping Little Crossing hill we glance back. What a picture is presented to the eye! Grantsville nestled among the hills, lying close to the mountain as if appealing for shelter, the beautiful farms dotted here and there, with their large maple groves, is a picture better depicted by the brush than the pen. Reluctantly we turn from the beautiful scene and resume our journey.

We soon reach the Stone House, which has been built almost a century. Here we pause and think. If stones could speak, what a tale this old house could unfold! What plans and hopes were matured or shattered under the roof that sheltered statesmen, scientists, artists, soldiers and tourists on their way to and from the great west! Then crowds had to be turned away. Now it is a farm house with half its room unoccupied.

Looking to the north we see the gleam of marble which bespeaks the home of the dead. If we take the trouble to leave the Pike we will find this graveyard one of the relics of the past

It was intended for a family graveyard. A part was set aside for the burial place of the slaves. What thoughts of the future must the man who built this hotel have had! But it only proves to us that distinct families do not prosper in a democracy.

Although it took Braddock nearly two days to come from the Shades of Death to Little Meadows, it will take us less than an hour to walk from here to the Shades of Death, now called Shade Mills. When we reach there we will find the shadow of death has disappeared, and instead of tall, somber pines chanting their requiem as in the days when Washington, Clay, Harrison and Tyler traveled over the road, we find green fields and several fine residences, one of them the home of one of Garrett county's most prosperous citizens.

Many places of interest could be pointed out between here and Frostburg, but the day is drawing to a close and our journey is almost ended.

When we come to the toll gate we find that nothing remains of it but two upright pillars whose use seems to be to advertise the wares of the Frostburg merchants. Unfortunately the toll-house was burned down some years ago and I understand there is but one of these houses now standing, and that is in Allegany county.

With many regrets we leave the scenes of the past and with smiles and hope for the future we hasten to Frostburg, where a warm supper and a night's rest await us."

Savage.

March 5—Sorry we could not write for the valuable columns of THE STAR, last week.

Simon White, of Coal Run, is paying a visit to his uncle, S. A. Christner.

Among other welcome visitors in our community during the week are Miss Emma Reitz, of Friedens, and Miss Mary Kimmel, of Salisbury.

The family of N. B. Christner is quite elated over the arrival of a feminine infantile. Mr. Christner expects to move to Larimer ere long.

Charles B. Perkins will move to the place vacated by Mr. Christner, and Elias Durst will be Mr. Perkins' successor on the W. J. Shumaker farm.

Joel Slaubaugh had been classed with the unwell during the past week. Our school will close Tuesday, March 8th.

O. L. Messmore, the owner of the S. Hershberger farm, was among us, this week, looking after his farm. He purchased three cows of W. J. Shumaker.

Luke Hay purchased a large bovine of C. J. Yoder, and on attempting to take him across the mountain, the animal suddenly took to the woods and was not found for nearly a week.

J. A. Shoemaker, who had been so unfortunate as to lose his teeth while under the influence of liquor, purchased the famous "tin gun" of "Raccoon Jerry." He now expects to go to Spain.

Mrs. E. B. Durst had been suffering from a severe attack of quinsy, but is about well again.

Subscribe for THE STAR and be convinced of its light.

NEWS BOY.

LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

Berwind-White Company Keeps Extending Its Mines at Windber, Somerset County.

Johnstown Tribune.

On Monday next the Berwind-White Coal Mining Company expects to begin shipping coal from the third mine opened in the vicinity of Windber, the new town just beyond Scalp Level. This mine is located on the David J. Shaffer tract, upon which have been erected the P. R. R. freight station, the Berwind-White offices, and the Club House. The new mine will finally be extended for a distance of four miles, or to the vicinity of Ashtola. The fourth mine is being opened on the old Samuel Knaavel tract, near Kumelsville, about one and three-fourths miles from Windber, but it will be several months before coal can be shipped from this mine.

The company intends opening a fifth mine in the near future, but its location has not been definitely determined upon. When this and the other mines are put in good running order the shipments will amount to several hundred cars of coal per day, say the officials.

At present there are five hundred and fifty men on the Company's pay rolls, and the number is being increased every day. The shipments average about fifty cars a day.

All the mines are equipped with compressed-air machines for digging, and haulage is by electricity. Within the past few days, however, several electric digging machines have been placed in position, and if the experiment proves successful, these will supplant the compressed-air machines.

A prominent official says that in a short time the Berwind-White Company will have in operation at Windber the largest and most complete soft-coal mining plant in the world. This, he says, will be necessary to take out the coal owned by the Company, it having purchased practically all the coal right from Scalp Level to Buckstown, Somerset county.

FOUND SPECTACLES!—Owner can get same at STAR office by proving property and paying for advertisement.

EVERY DAY SCIENCE.

Two ingenious Englishmen have recently received a patent for a lead-lined pipejoint, wherein a lining of lead is inserted or moulded in an iron or other pipe, and is continued, expanded, fitted or moulded into the joint of the exterior pipe or shell, whereby it becomes a part of the jointing material by fusion or pressure. While the improvement is applicable to iron or other pipes with ordinary socket joints, the inventors have devised a novel form of joint to facilitate the method.

In the course of a conversation held with a Government employee, the latter made the following interesting statements:

The twenty-dollar Treasury note now in circulation has thereon between six and seven hundred different shades of color, while the other notes have but three to four hundred shades.

The twenty-dollar Treasury note has all colors thereon but blue. This color is the most difficult for counterfeiters to imitate, the ink used by the Government being a secret.

The paper used by the Government for the protection of its bills is such that when printed on one surface, the ink will not show through on the opposite surface, while at the same time it is of but a single thickness.

The counterfeiters, by reason of the fact that they are unable to obtain a paper having the above characteristics, are compelled to print upon two sheets of paper, and subsequently, by means of some adhesive material, secure them together.

The counterfeit recently circulated of the one hundred-dollar bill, was printed from a plate which it is thought was stolen, in some mysterious way, from the Government; that the counterfeit is about one sixteenth of an inch shorter than the genuine bill, the difference in length being due to the shrinkage caused by the use of the adhesive for uniting the two sheets of paper on which the counterfeit is printed.

To prevent the counterfeiting of negotiable paper, checks, etc., a patent has issued describing a book of blanks, to be torn from stubs, having perforated lines near the top and at one end. The checks, or rather negotiable paper, have special marks or characters on a tally sheet to be kept by the bank. The book and tally sheet are similarly numbered, so that the teller of a bank may readily refer to the tally sheet on presentation of a check. The book is so bound that a check and its stub cannot be fraudulently removed.

At one time car couplers seemed to be the pet hobby of our many and numerous inventors. During the last year or two, however, they have shifted their ground, the goal now sought to be reached being a practical, certain and economical bottle incapable of being refilled. While many such have been devised, all so far as known, seem to be wanting in some particular feature.

There are a great many little superstitions connected with the handling and wearing of watches, as with everything not commonly understood, says the *Popular Science Times*. How many owners of timepieces are very wary about leaving them with a watchmaker lest some of the "jewels" may be abstracted! If these people only knew that the most precious jewels in the ordinary watch are worth about eight cents apiece, and only about forty cents a gross unless their alarm would vanish; but they would also look upon their watches with a great deal less of mystic veneration and awe.

Another common belief is that turning the hands backward will injure the works. How, they do not know—but in some mysterious manner that ordinary mortals cannot comprehend. In fact, the only style of watch which could have been injured in this way is the old English "verge" escapement, modeled after fourteenth century clocks—watches which almost anything would have injured, and which were useful for almost any purpose except keeping time.

A watch is a complicated piece of mechanism—the least elaborate has a hundred and fifty-separate parts, some over a thousand, every part nicely adjusted to its delicate functions. And the movements never stop, unless the watch's owner neglects the important precaution of winding it, or, on the contrary, is so very solicitous about its welfare that he attempts to remedy the defects of its anatomy by surgical operations with a penknife, a pin, a lead pencil, or some other instrument as inappropriate.

Wind your watch regularly. That is the first great rule for watch wearers. In the morning is probably the best time, so as to have the greatest tension of the springs during the day, when the works are the most liable to shaking and hard usage. Have your watch cleaned and oiled regularly. The delicate balance wheel makes 150,000,000 vibrations during a year. The best oils will gum where there is such continued friction.

Keep your watch pocket clean. Don't let lint and fine dust accumulate in the corners. No matter how well the cases may close, the subtle dust will work its way through soon enough.

Chief of all, curb your curiosity. Don't open the cases and inspect the works. They are there yet, even though you have not seen them since yesterday. If anything should occur to cause them to stop, don't try to find out yourself what it is. A watchmaker will charge you nothing for an accurate diagnosis, which involves no possible further injury. And don't try to regulate the watch yourself. You may do it successfully, but the chances are against you. In fact, the chances are that the watch may not need regulating at all. All watches, except the best, run faster in winter, slower in summer. Yet some men set their watches with every clock they see, and move the regulator, too, if they can pry the cases open.

WELL EQUIPPED FOR WAR.

United States Has Some Things She Is Not Talking About—A Little Sub-Marine Torpedo Boat.

Pittsburg Times.

J. A. Groshon, of Groshon Manufacturing company, of New York, designer of the great pumps at the Montrose pumping station, of Allegheny, who is at the Hotel Duquesne, says that contrary to popular belief the United States government has the finest and best means of warfare known, most of which is a secret to all but the high-up officials. Mr. Groshon served as engineer on the Ronoco during the rebellion, has been intimately acquainted with the best experts of the navy and has taken a scientific interest in the improvements made.

"This Holland submarine torpedo boat that has been recently launched is not new to the government," said he last night, "as one exactly similar, devoid perhaps of the latest improvements, was designed and launched by Engineer Merriam, of the United States navy, over 30 years ago and it is now on the Cob dock, in the Brooklyn navy yard. The boat is cigar shaped, about 27 feet long and 9 or 8 feet in diameter and was built of heavy boiler iron. It has fins and a propeller, and went, when tested, at a seven-mile clip under water. At the sharply conical bow is a chamber for pushing out a torpedo or dynamite cartridge, and discharging it with electricity.

"I went down with it on its trial trip and it worked nicely. Two heavy weights, balanced on the bottom, served as ballast and the boat was lowered by allowing the air in two large chambers to be displaced by water. We went down about 30 or 40 feet in the East river, at Point Morris, and were under water for two hours, moving about with the greatest ease and freedom. Large glass windows enabled the pilot to steer easily. While down we opened doors in the bottom of the boat and sent an expert swimmer, with a rope around his waist, to the surface and drew him back in again. The pressure of air was greater than the weight of water above the boat and so prevented the water beneath from rushing in. We had to gulp the air in like water, however, to keep from bleeding at the eyes and ears. The government kept very quiet about the matter, took the boat and has retained it ever since.

"Such a vessel, with high speed monitors and torpedo and dynamite boats, would be our effective power in case of war. Many of the best naval experts have deplored the adoption of heavy battleships, as they would be too heavy if sufficiently armored for protection, and are too weak now. A little monitor could fight all around them, as her surface is little exposed, while a battleship presents a broad front, with her weak spots greatly exposed. The first war in which the big ships are engaged will prove their failure and cause a revolution in the manner of warfare."

A Big Turkey.

Greensburg Press.

The largest turkey ever shipped from New Florence, and probably the largest ever seen in that section of the country was sold to Johnstown parties on Tuesday by David Cunningham, a farmer living near that place. The bird weighed 44 pounds just before it was loaded into the train. The old residents of that place say it is the largest gobbler they ever saw. Mr. Cunningham received \$10 for the turkey.

The Deacon's Drag Net.

Atlanta Constitution.

"Kunsel Ingersoll been heal de yuther night," said the deacon, as he laid down his spectacles and faced the congregation, "en I see de fruits er it already. He tol' you dat dey's no hell, en I see it fum de slimmish ob dis congregashun dat you believe it! But doan fool yo'self 'for des ez sho ez you's settin' befo' me terday dey's a red-hot hell waitin' fer you, whar de fireman never goes off duty en dey's no holiday on de Fo' th er July! I ain't got time ter prove it, but I'll make dis proposition: Whoever wants ter scape dat hell mus' signify it dis mawnin', en dis way: While singin' er de hymn on page 202, salt peter, Br'er Williams will pass rou'n' de hat en poll de members ez follers: All who b'leves in hell fire straight, will drap in a dollar; all got doubts 'bout it will say so wit' 25 cents; all who doan believe it at all, put in 10 cents, den we'll separate the money en put you in de list whar you b'longs. Come, now, while we sings!"